THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1356.

Original Poetry.

INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS,
Or Lines Suggested on Framing the Picture.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Fair plant, well pleased on thee I look;
Then art a page in nature's book
Which I delight to read
Though some with silent grace sit sought,
On each vain trifle spend a thought,
Their words I little heed.

A child I'll ever wish to be,
With an innocence just like thee,
And listen to her voice;
Pain would'st thou not bear passion move,
And heal our wandering thoughts above,
Where, at the feast of boundless love,
We ever might rejoice.

Thy blooming petals love the light,
Thy sun smiles on them, they grow bright,
When he withdraws their face,
Yet when beneath his radiant gaze,
The modest blush she'er does appear,
To every thinking mind portrays
The contrite humble mien.

Sweet plant, I love thee, yes, I do,
And all thy blooming kindred too,
More than the works of art;
For in them I see the hand of God
Such beauty, skill and power combined,
Magnificence and charms the mind,
And cheers the drooping heart.

Fair gift by royal donor given,
Dipped in the radiant dyes of Heaven,
And strewn o'er every land;
In nature's largest wild you'll know,
Steal from deep solitude its gloom,
And when the gard'ner gives you room,
You bless his fost'ring hand

Not Newton, though he grew so wise,
And traced the planets through the skies
With such amazing power;
Nor Franklin, whom we praise so loud,
Though lightnings in their more shroud,
Obeyed his voice and left the cloud,
Could make you prosper better.

Nor can the chemist's skill suffice
To mingle such exquisite dyes,
As in the flowers appear;
And were all human powers combined,
And centered in one single mind,
Its best productions we should find
Stand lasting in the rear.

When rested in fresh God dare I believe,
He deigned His watchful care to show
To those with deeds oppressed;
When on their couches my eyes had sealed,
He took the lily of the field,
And bade them see His power revealed
In that and not distrust.

The garden which Jehovah planned
And planted with His own right hand,
Was decked with fragrant flowers,
And shall we doubt that we now might
What God designed to give delight,
And bless His bounteous hand?
Our all our mental powers

March 1and., Me. SARAH

Original Sketch.

MR. CARKER;
Or, Always Going to Ruin.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY LYNDER.

"Ah, me! Things look dark ahead. How are we to get along? I'm sure I can't see. It is just as much as we can do to make both ends meet now."

This was said by Mr. Reuben Carker, on the occasion of one of those interesting family occurrences, the advent of a baby. Instead of receiving the gift of beauty and innocence with a thankful heart, as he ought to have done, Mr. Carker must sit down and brood over the fact of increased expense, and wonder what he was to do to meet it. He did not reason in the cool, considered way that his wife did, on the subject. She took it for granted that He who sent babies would send something for them[1] to eat and wear, and after that time, she replied to the above remark,

But her words made very little impression on Mr. Carker. Faith in Providence was something too intangible for him to rest upon. He might do very well for some people, but not for him. If he held the note of a rich merchant, falling due at the expiration of three, six, or twelve months, he felt that he had something upon which to base a calculation for the future. But trusting in Providence was too uncertain a thing for him. All might come out right, but he had no security—no honor, or mercantile character pledged—no sign manual—no bond and mortgage to rely upon.

"Don't worry yourself, Mr. Carker," his wife would say, when her husband fell into these desponding humors. "We shall get along well enough. We have always had sufficient."

"Yes," he would reply, half impatiently—but our expenses have been small compared to what they will be. If we had no increase of family and there was to be no increase of expenses, I should have no fears. But, as to living on our present income, in a year or two, that is out of the question."

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. That is my motto. We have enough now, let us enjoy it, Mr. Carker, and be thankful. Our care should not go beyond what is our means of living right in the present, and doing all that lies in our power for the future."

"It is very easy talking!" was generally the remark with which Reuben Carker silenced his wife on these occasions. It put him out of patience when ever any one attempted to give him confidence and make him feel more comfortable. He was a determined doubter in regard to the future, and all appearance, wished to enjoy, in his peculiar way, the benefit of his doubts.

When Mr. Carker married, he was doing moderately well in business. Not really well enough, however, to justify, in his own mind, clearly, the step he was taking. He was in a strong measure, and often overrules our better judgment and causes us to act with a strange inconsistency. The honorable self-will passed, before Mr. Carker began to feel anxious about the future. If he had only been able to keep fairly afloat as a single man, what right had he to expect that he could do more than float where water as a married one? This was a form of interrogatory not easily answered. The "how" was the puzzling question.

When the baby came, the "Ah, me! how are we to get along?" was still in the house. It threw a shadow around the innocent creature God had sent to bless him.

But the days came and went, and each one brought its rain or its sunshine. The grass grew, the buds swelled, the blossoms opened, and, from seed time to harvest, there was a regular progression and a perfection of all things as there had been since the creation of the world. The business of Mr. Carker still pursued altogether for the supply of all demands, increased though they were, but he still doubted, and feared, and worried himself about the future. He was sure that want would visit him in the end; that, when his family had increased to three or four children, he would get in debt, he broken up in his business, and those he loved be reduced to great suffering. This was his daily thought. This was his nightly dream. Care—anxious, doubting care—was the skeleton in his house that ever, with hollow eyes, stared grim and ghastly upon him. It was in vain that Mrs. Carker combatted this unhappy disposition; her words of confidence and hope often were met by impatient queries as to What there was to depend upon?

"Others," he would say, "have been driven to the wall. Others have been reduced to the lowest point, and what security is there for us? None at all. It is easy to hope, and talk about all coming out right in the end; but that isn't going to keep starvation out of your house. I strive harder in my business than ever I did, and, at the utmost, I can only barely make our expenses."

"And yet," his wife would not fail to urge, "our expenses are at least one-third more than they were. So you see, with increased demands, I believe we must say an increased income."

"I don't see that Providence has much to do with it," returned Mr. Carker. "I have my own increased efforts more than any thing else to thank for all increased income. But having reached these efforts until every nerve is strained, I think I may fairly conclude, that when a still further increase of expenses takes place, there will be nothing to meet it. Ah, me! I don't know what is to become of us."

Ten years after his marriage, we find Mr. Carker still in business, and living in the same large brick house with a larger family. He has four children. But Mr. Carker is unchanged. His face wears the same unhappy expression, and he looks, if a day, with the same unhappy doubts. All is dark before him. Providence has given him no note of hand; no securing by mortgage; guaranteed by no bond and mortgage. He sees before him a dark boundary, beyond which he has no hope of passing. His four children are growing up with startling rapidity. They require an increased supply of food, bodily and mental, every year; and each new suit of clothes is of larger dimensions and more costly materials. Where is this to end? The spirits of Mr. Carker sink within him at the thought, but he works on and on, and, in his daily duties, is cheered by the pleasant light that falls a hopeful heart.

"Don't look so troubled, Mr. Carker," said his wife to him, on the anniversary of their twelfth wedding day. "Remember the past, and let that give you confidence. Our family has increased until all our expenses are doubled, and yet we have enough. We have never lacked food to eat, nor clothes to wear. And I am sure that will continue to send us those good things while we live."

But Mr. Carker shook his head.

"Poor Charley died last week, and went all to pieces. He was an honest, prudent, industrious man. But it availed nothing. Why didn't Providence take care of him?"

"Clement had a very expensive family. He lived at double the cost we do. There is an adequate cause for his failure. Mr. Carker."

"I don't know that his family was so very extravagant."

"I do, then. I know that it costs Mrs. Clement, for three, three dollars where it costs me one, and it is the same with the rest of her children's clothes, and to everything about her house. If our expenses are twelve hundred dollars a year, their expenses are, at the lowest count, twenty-five hundred. What his business more profitable than yours?"

"No—scarcely as profitable as mine is. But that doesn't matter. Mine pay all of them. I am bears no more favorable relation to my expenses than his did. In fact, I can see that it is falling off. I never was worse than this. There is no doubt of it, at all doing. I have't made my store expenses for a week."

"It has existed for a week, remember that, dear."

"No, but apart from that, it is terribly dull. And then there is such a competition in everything. A few years ago, there was a fair chance for every one to get along; but now prices are cut down at such a rate that you make scarcely anything at all. Goods are not worth the trouble of selling. If things go on in this way for a year or two longer, we shall all have to quit business. Ah, me!"

And so on for Mrs. Carker to talk. Her husband was incorrigible, and so she abandoned him, and for a few months, she found relief from his ever gloomy doubts. But the effect of his unhappy disposition, was to take away from his family, and especially from himself, all delight. The blessings they really possessed were not more than half enjoyed, because the head of the family, to whom all looked, participated truly in the personal pain of his fear of approaching evil, from the dark wing of which he ever felt a shadow upon his heart.

Three days destroying the best part of the week, Mr. Carker had to struggle pretty hard, and to feel all those causes of discouragement that meet every man in business who has not had patience and bad sufficient discretion, reduction of prices, and all the evils, so called, that beset trade, he had to encounter with the rest uncertain a thing for him. All might come out right, but he had no security—no honor, or mercantile character pledged—no sign manual—no bond and mortgage to rely upon.

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ped rather suddenly, and brought his rifle to his shoulder: it was somewhat covered, but I fired, and the ball went straight to my ear to its aim; yet, bringing me down, stunned. In the hand of the stock, which was covered, it glanced against my right and shot opposite. The Kentucky rubbed round my ear three times and ball, all on the right, and fell off in the air.

"When stunned ever so little, it is impossible to demolish a butcher. Him, for the shadow, and the right eye fared from its enclosure, falling spectacle for a conflict! I felt him at length, and was down somewhat-struck. We drew together home, without giving vent to my feelings in words. John, however, broke from her; and the movement of the clock in which she remained enveloped, gave her powerful vent her emotion.

"When we entered our room she rushed into my arms, and threw herself upon my bosom, imploring forgiveness for the past. I felt her heart throb upon my own—her tears ran my cheek—her sighs were !!! Here then, was at last an end to all my suffering!! To describe my feelings would be impossible—rapture, too great almost for nature to support!

"From that hour to the present no cloud has passed over our loving friendship, but a cold wind has broken the harmony of our companions.

The narrative of M. Perron, told with all the eagerness which the recapitulation of misfortunes by one who could revel in the remembrance of past woe as compared with present bliss, affected me with deep emotion. Nothing could equal the interest it excited in me, now that I had become acquainted with my extraordinary host and hostess.

M. Perron, also, subsequently concluded the fate of De Rouville.

"For many happy years after the above happy termination of all my sufferings, a man was to be through the streets of Paris in poverty and darkness, begging his bread. That man was De Rouville! The injuries of the duel, in the sequel, deprived him of both his eyes. The plunderer, in his helpless condition, was in his turn plundered of his ill-gotten wealth; he had neither friend nor money-science to console him. The very support of his degraded existence was supported by a patoner which I caused to be delivered to him by an unknown hand.

"The viscount redeemed himself even beyond my hopes, much as I reckoned on his good natural disposition. We continue to live in unison at the Cheveuse (tumbledy and mutual esteem."

Here my narrative must end; and I hope my readers will acknowledge, that an acquaintance with these particulars of their early career added a little zest to the enjoyment I experienced while domiciled with M. and Madame Perron. I trust, also, they will kindly remember with which I took leave of personages of such intrinsic worth.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1847.

TERMS.

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For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday evening Post, and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Magazine"—or one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Fountain," a Pictorial New Annual, for 1847.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Magazine," or Sears' Pictorial Magazine,—two copies of the Saturday Evening Post—or one copy of either Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, or "The Fountain," for 1847—or we will send two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send two copies of the Saturday evening Post, one copy of "The Fountain," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

POST OFFICE DRAFTS.

Subscribers would oblige us by availing themselves of the above mode of remittance, when at all convenient. Being extremely safe, more than compensates for the additional trouble.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LUCY. This poem is accepted. To ——, also.

An I Not Changed, is accepted. As to the other pieces we cannot decide without examination. He might send us them to examine.

The Old Man's Darge. We do not consider this quite good enough for publication.

DEATH OF J. C. NEAL.

We announce with regret the death of Joseph C Neal, editor of Neal's Saturday Gazette. Mr. Neal died very suddenly on Saturday evening last, of congestion of the brain. As to the literary abilities of Mr. Neal, we need say nothing for his writings have been read and admired in every portion of the United States. As a man, Mr. Neal was a gentleman, amiable, courteous in his manners, and averse to controversy. For the following sketch of his life we are indebted to the Pennsylvania Inquirer, of the 27th inst.:

"Mr. Neal was born at Greenland, N. H. Feb 2d, 1807. His father was for many years the Principal of a leading Seminary, and afterwards a Minister of a Congregational Church. He died when Joseph, his only son, was but two years old. The subject of our notice resided for several years in Fattenville (now Buckport) in Philadelphia, where he learned his trade, and has lived in our city ever since. He was connected with the Pennsylvania Inquirer, when that paper first started as a weekly, and also for a long period after it became a daily. Indeed, to his ability, courtesy, and honorable mode of discussion, of the high party distinction which that journal deservedly enjoys, should be attributed. In 1841 the health of Mr. Neal began to fail, and he travelled in Europe and Africa in the hope of improvement. On his return, he resumed his position as the editor of the Pennsylvanian. In 1844 he retired from that establishment, and in connexion with two friends of liberality and enterprise, he commenced Neal's Saturday Gazette in the editorial chair of which he continued with honor to himself, and success to the establishment, until the time of his decease. In December, 1846, Mr. Neal married a gifted and accomplished young lady of Hudson, N. Y. and he therefore, in addition to a mother to whom he lived with unwavering affection, has left a heart-stricken and sorrowing widow, to weep for an irreparable loss. In 1837, he published the first volume of his Charcoal Sketches, and in 1844, his second. Both were eminently successful."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

There are in the English language, 50,000 nouns; 10 pronouns, 9,000 adjectives; 8,000 verbs; 2,000 adverbs; 64 prepositions; 17 conjunctions; 4 conjunctions; and all these, 80,000 words.

The above is going the rounds of the press Upon seeing it, we picked up our Webster's Dictionary, found it contained 1,040 pages, and at least seventy words to a page, which would make 72,000 words in all. And even Webster has not all the words in our language, for we looked for no the other day, and could not find it.

Editors should be careful as to what they set afloat for the papers, for a statement published as true in one journal, is apt to find its way genuinely through all. For instance, if we were to publish a statement that a chemist of Boston had not only succeeded in making butter from hay, but had even found it in wood and lime, nine chances out of ten, a large number of our contemporaries would copy it—and not be remiss to be censured for a want of discernment either.

COST OF THE WAR.

Various estimates are made by the political pagans of the cost of the war thus far, in men and money. These estimates vary from five to twenty thousand lives of loser, while the expense in money set as variously estimated from 25 to 100 millions of dollars.

SUICIDE, GOETHE, &c.

We find the following in one of our exchanges:

Had your griefs one imaginary. Before you have recourse to arsenic, therefore, to the rifle, or to the knife in an emetic. Instead of your business being destroyed, it will be increased by the additional custom. Two thirds of the customers in the country will be ready to call.

Remember the above is to be said philosophical and practical. It is the general wisdom to take the bottom first, and then the middle; but if the consumption only exists in the mind, you would have only double value to follow it up with the poison.

The great German author, Goethe, has a singular way of getting over any subject that he handles in his biography. He is speaking of the undoubtedly condition of mind which preceded the composition of his "Sorrows of Werter," by which he had finally discharged "this perilous stuff, that weighs upon the heart." He says:

"Then I was collecting on all these methods, and besides was looking into history, I found no one more apt to open my case than those individuals who had accomplished the deed with such greatness and freedom as the Emperor Otho. He, a general, he was warned against, but yet was far from being brought to extremities, when for the good of the people, which in a manner belonged to him, and to spare the lives of so many thousands, he determined to leave the world. He spent his evening in a happy supper with his friends, and the next morning was found dead, having plunged a sharp dagger deeply into his heart with his own hand. This method alone seemed to me worthy of imitation; and I convinced myself that wherever could not act like Otho, had no right voluntarily to die. By this reasoning I saved myself, not so much from the design as from the vision of suicide, which in those splendid times of peace had crept into the minds especially the young men. Amongst a considerable collection of weapons, I had a small and highly polished dagger: I laid this every night beside my bed, and before I put out the light, tried *if I could run it into my heart*. The sharp point a couple of inches into my breast. But as I could never make out to do it for the laughed almost at myself, flung away all hypochondriac sentiment, and determined to live."

Capital idea, that, wasn't it? We would advise all other hypochondriac young people, to try the same experiment. But to proceed—Goethe says, after "resolving to live:" he says, he found it necessary, in order to do so "with cheerfulness," to write a book; and "this book was the confession of Werter," which made a very great sensation at the time, full as it was of exaggeration, and sentiment and romance run mad.

By the way, those that have read Werter, may be curious to know something further as to its history. Mrs Rosa, in her late work, states that it is not only founded on fact, but that many of the letters are identically the same with those of Charlotte Buff to Charlotte. The representation of Charlotte's encouragement of Werter's attentions is, however, false—and Charlotte and her husband have much difficulty in the liberties he had taken with their character and the truth. They said afterwards, they would be cautious how they admit, and a genius into such close intimacy again.

Goethe's conduct is very much to be blamed in this affair, for he mixed up the true and the false so intimately, that the world was not able to distinguish between them; whereby the character of a noble minded and exemplary woman was much injured. Mrs. Rosa, in her work, however, as a necessity of his genius. For we have no tolerance for such nonsense. Genius does not absolve a man from the obligations of the common proprieties of life, from a regard to what is honorable, just nay sanimous. The greatest geniuses that have ever lived, Shakspeare, Milton and Scott, never pleaded or needed such an excuse. In proportion to a man's light is his accountability, not his license. If a man believes himself to be inspired and does not act like it, he has proven it by a noble life.

THE LETHEON.

How quickly the above of a thing follows upon its proper use! Thus, already the Letheon has been perverted to debasing and intoxicating purposes. A correspondent of the London Times says that a fatal habit has already sprung up in that city of employing it either in the same way that opium has been taken—for the purpose of pleasant exhilaration in all intents, intoxication. The writer remarks as follows:

"Entering a chemist's shop the other day, I observed a gentleman in a state of the utmost excitement. At the chemist pointed it out, he said to me, 'I can't get the go now—it is used for inhalation.' A small bottle of Letheon was produced, and I saw that it was for the sensations it produces, that persons who have used it for the purpose of inhalation, and for the pleasure it affords. On a former occasion I had purchased a chemist of me some copy of some ether in a habit which would become his master. The warning was unavailing—the habit I am grieved to say—and the man of talent and of amiable qualities died a miserable drunkard.

Another instance of what the subject would probably call an abuse of this new agent, we may refer to the case of an English soldier, who had begged a dose out of the spoon, which Gardner Brown was in appearance, sadly. He was made to inhale the Letheon, and in four minutes his dreadful looking head almost vanished, and his upper lobes hung flat out of another man. On recovering, his shame and disgrace may be easily pictured.

Another instance, however, a young soldier, recently enlisted, who professed his incapacity for military service on account of a diseased hip joint, was ethenized, and the joint was really found to be still sound.

THE PROSPECT AHEAD.

Notwithstanding the letter of Mr. Buchanan's to the Caldwell's eagle of a lack of any kind has been found—nothing but mud, and dust, and heat. All the pretended discoveries there have been fallacious—the "deposites" alleged to have been found up from the vessel having been immediately before the eyes of the party for the purpose. The specimens which have been used to keep the fraud alive, will appear, therefore, that Gen. Taylor has marched for the city of Mexico, in the early part of this month. What is to be done when our troops reach Mexico, however, is a question to the Halls of the Montezumas," to bring about a peace, we are unable to imagine—unless there really be, which we very much doubt, a strong party in favor of peace in Mexico, which is only kept down from fear of the military, and which will spring up in full life and vigor, as soon as the sword is withdrawn from upon it shall be removed. But of this we have little hope, for we have seen nothing to convince us that Santa Anna and his party have ceased to represent the sentiments of the great mass of the Mexican nation.

The New Orleans Picayune, a paper with more accurate sources of information than perhaps any other, in noticing the peace proposals of General Taylor, says:

"The best opinion in Mexico, in our judgment, we have had an opportunity of learning by this arrival, is that the people are willing to accept peace, but does not entirely require. Other gentlemen, whose opinions are entitled to weight, write from the city of Mexico, that there is no hope of peace, therefore, that Gen. Taylor received his march for the city of Mexico, in the early part of this month. What is to be done when our troops reach Mexico, however, is a question to the Halls of the Montezumas," to bring about a peace, we are unable to imagine—unless there really be, which we very much doubt, a strong party in favor of peace in Mexico, which is only kept down from fear of the military, and which will spring up in full life and vigor, as soon as the sword is withdrawn from upon it shall be removed. But of this we have little hope, for we have seen nothing to convince us that Santa Anna and his party have ceased to represent the sentiments of the great mass of the Mexican nation.

CHINESE NOTIONS.

One of the New York editors, who had a personal interview with Hoeing, the principal personage at the Chinese Museum in the early part of June, says that he told him he was the husband of three wives. Being asked why he had so few, he said, "No can have more, because, master he dead, wife and being further interrogated as to what course he pursued on the occasion of the lively domestic difficulties which sometimes ensue, he replied that he "settled with perfect gravity, "horse whippee."

The New York editor further says that Hoeing informed him that a Chinese artist, after he was dead, laid on his knuckles, painting a dragon, was the happy possessor of two wives, and when in an ecstasy he quarrels, the elder said, "Now you can't have this country," so he can retrieve more than one wife, he politely expressed to the writer that it was not allowable for our peculiar institutions.

LIGHTNING DAGUERREOTYPE

The St. Louis Republican states that Mr. T. M. Easterly, of that city, after repeated experiments has actually succeeded in Daguerreotyping a street scene, including the passing of carriages and the rise and sinks rocker. So perfect and instantaneous was the operation, that myriads of intervening drops of rain appeared in the picture, as if suspended in the air at the place, showing that an appreciable space of time was consumed.

PROFESSIONAL FRANKNESS.

Clark's Advertiser calls attention to the fact that, in the narrative of O Connell's dying moments, given by Dr. Duff, one of his physicians, the following frank confession occurs:—*However, now after a fourth physician, Dr. Verner, was called in on Friday, there still were hopes.*

Mr. Clay says that we are led to conjecture from this that the patient's condition would have been desperate, if a *fifth* had been employed.

ROMAN NEWSPAPERS.

A late article of the Ledger, is speaking of the superior advantages possessed by even a poor man in the days of Augustus, in respect to information, said that Augustus Cæsar, with all his greatness and riches, had no newspaper to read at the breakfast table. Thereupon, a correspondent of the Inquirer quotes from the Annals of Tacitus, a passage in which it is recorded that the infamous Nero was accustomed to write with the newspapers against the public patriot. Thrasea, in order to screen him him to the vindictive fury of the monster Nero, having given specifications included the following:—

"The journals of the Roman people were now filled with the praises of Thrasea, and highly pleased Nero was to make comparison between a Regulus, a Cato, and himself. The story proved to be a fiction, and highly pleased dagger! I laid this every night beside my bed, and before I put out the light, tried *if I could run it into my heart*. The sharp point a couple of inches into my breast. But as I could never make out to do it for the laughed almost at myself, flung away all hypochondriac sentiment, and determined to live."

Capital idea, that, wasn't it? We would advise all other hypochondriac young people, to try the same experiment. But to proceed—Goethe says, after "resolving to live:" he says, he found it necessary, in order to do so "with cheerfulness," to write a book; and "this book was the confession of Werter," which made a very great sensation at the time, full as it was of exaggeration, and sentiment and romance run mad.

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Goethe's conduct is very much to be blamed in this affair, for he mixed up the true and the false so intimately, that the world was not able to distinguish between them; whereby the character of a noble minded and exemplary woman was much injured. Mrs. Rosa, in her work, however, as a necessity of his genius. For we have no tolerance for such nonsense. Genius does not absolve a man from the obligations of the common proprieties of life, from a regard to what is honorable, just nay sanimous. The greatest geniuses that have ever lived, Shakspeare, Milton and Scott, never pleaded or needed such an excuse. In proportion to a man's light is his accountability, not his license. If a man believes himself to be inspired and does not act like it, he has proven it by a noble life.

THE LETHEON.

How quickly the above of a thing follows upon its proper use! Thus, already the Letheon has been perverted to debasing and intoxicating purposes. A correspondent of the London Times says that a fatal habit has already sprung up in that city of employing it either in the same way that opium has been taken—for the purpose of pleasant exhilaration in all intents, intoxication. The writer remarks as follows:

"Entering a chemist's shop the other day, I observed a gentleman in a state of the utmost excitement. At the chemist pointed it out, he said to me, 'I can't get the go now—it is used for inhalation.' A small bottle of Letheon was produced, and I saw that it was for the sensations it produces, that persons who have used it for the purpose of inhalation, and for the pleasure it affords. On a former occasion I had purchased a chemist of me some copy of some ether in a habit which would become his master. The warning was unavailing—the habit I am grieved to say—and the man of talent and of amiable qualities died a miserable drunkard.

Another instance of what the subject would probably call an abuse of this new agent, we may refer to the case of an English soldier, who had begged a dose out of the spoon, which Gardner Brown was in appearance, sadly. He was made to inhale the Letheon, and in four minutes his dreadful looking head almost vanished, and his upper lobes hung flat out of another man. On recovering, his shame and disgrace may be easily pictured.

Another instance, however, a young soldier, recently enlisted, who professed his incapacity for military service on account of a diseased hip joint, was ethenized, and the joint was really found to be still sound.

THE PROSPECT AHEAD.

Notwithstanding the letter of Mr. Buchanan's to the Caldwell's eagle of a lack of any kind has been found—nothing but mud, and dust, and heat. All the pretended discoveries there have been fallacious—the "deposites" alleged to have been found up from the vessel having been immediately before the eyes of the party for the purpose. The specimens which have been used to keep the fraud alive, will appear, therefore, that Gen. Taylor received his march for the city of Mexico, in the early part of this month. What is to be done when our troops reach Mexico, however, is a question to the Halls of the Montezumas," to bring about a peace, we are unable to imagine—unless there really be, which we very much doubt, a strong party in favor of peace in Mexico, which is only kept down from fear of the military, and which will spring up in full life and vigor, as soon as the sword is withdrawn from upon it shall be removed. But of this we have little hope, for we have seen nothing to convince us that Santa Anna and his party have ceased to represent the sentiments of the great mass of the Mexican nation.

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Under the above head, we find the following rather novel advertisement in the Inquirer, of this city:

A young man, aged twenty-four, of good address, character and family, engaged in the mercantile business, but, on account of ill health and indisposition and habits, has not been initiated into society's company, except that he has been the result of business and church fellowship, is desirous of forming such acquaintance as will be likely to result in matrimony. A Note properly addressed to Samuel B. P. D. Philadelphia P. O. will meet with attention.

We trust that some of our lady friends will take part in this matrimonial affair, and thus relieve the young man from his unfortunate position." If he had called upon us with proper credentials, we could have given him introductions to a score of amiable young ladies, who would be delighted to bring a retiring young man forward, and thus saved him the cost of his advertisement. We are also acquainted with a young man of good morals, but his want of more important qualities, which renders necessary the aid he has taken.

THE LIGHTNING ARRESTER.

A machine has been invented for the purpose of enabling the Magnetic Telegraph to act during thunder storms. It consists in the progress of an electric battery before reaching the wheel, and carries it off to the earth. It was applied at the office in this city on one of the telegraph wires during a storm, and the expectations of the inventor. Messages were transmitted during the height of the storm to some of the neighboring towns, and the wires were found to have been similarly protected, not the least interruption would have occurred. The inventor is Mr. J. Reed, the superintendent of the Atlantic and Ohio Line.

PENSIONS.

Queen Victoria has conferred a pension of £300 per annum on Leigh Hunt, who has also received £50 for his radical writings; the same amount on the family of Dr. Chalmers; and £200 on Fisher Ames. A considerable number of years ago, he settled annuities of the great Temperance reformer, such as the Duke of Leinster, the Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Fitzwilliam, &c. &c., but have never been known to confer an annuity on him of £800 a year, and the Queen's pension is an old of that effect.

NO MORE LETTERS.

The Charleston Commercial has been informed by Col. Mitchell, at the *Ohio* Regiment, that Gen. Taylor has resolved to answer no more letters. He replied to the editor of the Signal, it seems, by *Ind. Mitchell's* advice. The Col. says that the old *General has received scores* of letters, from all sorts of people, from "big eagle" to "small potatoes" but that he is now done letter writing for the present. We are glad to hear this announcement.

THAT TOAST.

"Tell Uncle. *Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.*"

The author of the above much admired line, seems to be in a fair way of being done home, for an attempt to gather laurels in another man's pa per which has been published in this city. It has been discovered by a correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer, in an Address to the Ocean, by Thomas Montgomery. The stores in which it appears, reads as follows:

"Ah! why hadst Jehovah, in forming the world,
With the ocean and land, such contrast commanded!
Has'nt ever the bounds of his birth
To range the continent land,
And confined the deep in His hand,
And with waves and billows ordained
And keep ever the bounds of his birth
And violent nations and realms that should be
Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea."

Well, the man that first persevered through the first eight lines quoted above, deserved to find a pearl at the bottom, and to have the credit of weaving the whole together. It was not common that many thing was coming, by the last line being in italics we should never have had the courage to persevere to the end of such a long composition.

HYDROPHOBIA.

We see the following directions given for the cure of this heretofore supposed incurable disease They are by Mr. Tenant, the celebrated veterinary surgeon. Mr. Tenant says that he himself, and other veterinary surgeons, also, have been repeatedly bitten by rabid dogs, but that by pursuing the plan of treatment recommended, no case of failure have ever ensued. This is strong testimony as to its merits. After describing the symptoms, exhausting the nature and the activity of the virus, he says—

Cauterize the wound thoroughly with *hear nitrate*. Wash the part well with soap and water, then thoroughly to every recess and sinuosity of the wound. Then let the teeth act where the animal could possibly have penetrated. This will form an eschar, which will be thrown off in a week or ten days, animal fibre and the caustic, in which the virus is destroyed. Then dress the wound with the caustic in a short time this dead matter sloughs away, and the wound will heal kindly. If the animal is refractory in the caustic, it will often be necessary to enlarge the wound, that every part may be fairly cut at. Where the wound is inaccessible to the knife, it is advisable to apply the caustic a second time to destroy the virus that may not have entered the first influence of the first operation, or that may penetrated by the caustic. Should the dog be affected fully and thoroughly bitten, the patient may feel the effects of the caustic, which will have been entirely removed, and no danger can remain.

SEA BATHING.

As this is the season when crowds are flocking to the sea shore, we have thought it well to put on paper the following opinion of Holeland, as to the benefits of Sea Bathing:

Sea-bathing, on account of its stimulative and tonic properties, may be placed at the head of those means that regard the cure of the skin, and which certainly acquired one of the first wants of the present generation, by opening the pores, and thereby inviting the free exercise of perspiration. This bathing is attended with two important advantages. First, the high degree of the vital energy power in cases of disease, it may be employed with safety and even perfectly well as the most agreeable to nature for strengthening and preserving health. In this respect it may be compared to bodily exercise taken with moderation, to agreeable wine moderate, and which may be used also by those who are not in need of any other treatment on that state. The other advantage is, the noble, which the sea-bathing has over all other kinds of bathing, which, on those not accustomed to them, produce a powerful excitement in the nervous system, and produ cing a peculiar excitation of the mind. I am not aware that there is any physical effects of sea-bathing must be greatly increased by this circumstance, and that a hypochondriac or nervous person may enjoy a view of the sea coast, and enjoying a view of the boundless expanse of nature which will there present themselves.

CLIMATE OF VERA CRUZ.

Dr Barton, chairman of the Board of Health at Vera Cruz has published a report on the sanitary relations of the climate and health at that city. The report is dated June 1st, and states that the yellow fever has not yet appeared in the city, nor among the troops, that our army at Puebla had lost from 250 to 300 men by sickness, death and desertion. It is encouraging to learn that the health of the city and of our troops, and that in consequence of this the 10th Infantry had refused on the 14th ult. to turn out when ordered to do duty.

In addition to the above the American army is twitted with having boasted that they would spend the 4th of July in the city of Mexico. We can say the Mexicans, that their reinforcements, instead of reaching Puebla, have got stuck in the mud upon the coast. The 4th of July, therefore, will be celebrated only, in the words of the old adage, "Let them laugh that win."

THE KIDD TREASURE.

The New York correspondent of the Ledger, says that Gardner has, however, a young soldier, recently enlisted, who professed his incapacity for military service on account of a diseased hip joint, was ethenized, and the joint was really found to be still sound.

THE PROSPECT AHEAD.

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THE GUERILLA CHIEF.

Father Jaraita, the Mexican Guerilla Chief, is thus described by a correspondent of the Ledger.

Jaraita has an extremely ready and lively genius and is a man of great personal prowess. He is also a man, he is implacable. Possessed of an extraordinary share of cunning, he is subtle in his intrigues, and when he engages in an undertaking it is with a full knowledge of the consequences of failure or death. In the midst of his greatest misfortunes, he has never lost his presence of mind, and has the statement of a distinguished officer direct from the field—"Jaraita" alleged to have been shot up from the vessel having been immediately before the eyes of the party for the purpose. The specimens which have been used to keep the fraud alive, will appear, therefore, that Gen. Taylor received his march for the city of Mexico, in the early part of this month. What is to be done when our troops reach Mexico, however, is a question to the Halls of the Montezumas," to bring about a peace, we are unable to imagine—unless there really be, which we very much doubt, a strong party in favor of peace in Mexico, which is only kept down from fear of the military, and which will spring up in full life and vigor, as soon as the sword is withdrawn from upon it shall be removed. But of this we have little hope, for we have seen nothing to convince us that Santa Anna and his party have ceased to represent the sentiments of the great mass of the Mexican nation.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Wisconsin, assisted by *James R. Powell, Joseph Longstreth, Smith T. Harris, Samuel Powell, Edward J. Harris.*

Mr. HENRY E. PIERCE, East and West.

Mr. LEMUEL E. JACKSON is our Travelling Agent for the Eastern States, to whom Messrs. *Samuel Hart, Jr. A. Whipple, William H. Wyman, Charles Jackson, B. Wild, Thomas P. Beckett, Jr., Edward Hart, Jr. A. Nancy, Jacks, Jr. Fox, James Dorsey, Jacob Cooper and Joseph W. Wyman* have been named in place of B. B. Mussey.

Mr. HENRY J. M. SMITH is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Mississippi.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York and Canada.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE solicits for us in Texas.

JAMES PARKER is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. BOWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

Local Intelligence.

MUSICAL WAR.

We have at last an Italian Opera Company in this city, to delight and astonish the *fashionables*, and to the quality of the same we can safely say, that they have not their equal in the world, we have not heard it. In truth, we are free to confess, that we have a prejudice against that fashionable alternative of Italian songs and operas, believing it, to a great degree, affectation and humbug. But we did not begin this article to treat of music, but of war. We had heard rumors of a serious warfare being waged among the members of the Opera Company, but could not get at the particulars of it, until we found them in the columns of a New York paper—which proves the truth of the old adage, that "if a man wishes to know what is said of him, he should not inquire of his neighbors." The discord, it seems, has been caused by a conspiracy against the manager; in the furtherance of his views and that conspiracy, two of the company deserted their posts. The Mirror says —

The conspiracy, we thought that the director would be so embarrassed by their desertion, that no mean could be found to fulfil Signor Palmo's engagements. We fully understand the energy and resources of *Don Jose*, who can no with one of his brother monarchs, Who, he (they) was not to be found, and who, he (they) *Cared not two!* (I am the queen.) In this belief we looked for a season of unusual brilliancy, not in every way equal to Barnum, was at least capable of supplying the place of the *Ravels*; we waited into the seat of *Orsini*, and as things were going on swimmingly, we had the unwonted experience of revelry among his subjects. He promised them (upon their petition) that he would laid them if they had a disposition to break their engagements, they were welcome to withdraw, but they remained they must keep quiet. Two of the *choristers* however got into a quarrel, and they had a regular set-to, during which the manager trying to restore harmony, one of the orchestra pulled out a pistol and snapped it at the manager's head, but the Providence that presides over managers as well as monarchs, ordained it so that the pistol did not go off, and the valuable life of *Don Jose* was preserved; but he did not take his subjects' part as he was sure to be tried with, he pulled a dagger from his vest, and would have let his rival know the mettle of his player, but it was one of those windy rascals who had made the assassination attempt upon the life of his manager, if the rest of the company had not come to the rescue, him they would of the will have raged Don. In the bustle here that followed the assassin escaped, and the rest of the troupe abandoned the scene in such a disgusted way that *Don Jose*, and scene in close to him while they had a breach, as their wild passions were soon appeased, and united in their contract have been protended against.

Such writing the above article, however, we learn that all is now harmonized, arranged, and the peace reigns once more at the opera.

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Political Intelligence

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DECLARATION OF SENTIMENTS.

The Convention submit to their fellow-citizens and to the Federal Government the following propositions, as expressing their own sentiments and those of their constituents:

1. That the Constitution of the United States was formed by practical men, for practical purposes. We regard it in its generality—To provide for the common defence, to promote the general welfare, and to secure the blessings of liberty; and we have not assigned to create a government, whose functions should and would be adapted to the attainment of the common interests of all the States, or of two or more of them, without the consent of the States or the action of the separated States. That in strict accordance with this object, the powers of Congress from commerce were surrendered to the General Government, with the express understanding that they should be applied to the purposes for which a common interest.

2. That among these common interests and objects were—1st Foreign commerce, in the regulation of which the rights of the States as such were commonly inseparable and 2d Internal trade and navigation, whenever the navigation of the same States was necessary to its prosecution, it equally belong to two or more States, and whenever it receive the benefit of improvement made by the regulation; and hence resulted the constitutional grant of power to Congress—to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the States."

3. That being thus possessed both of the means and of the power which were denied to the States respectively, the General Government was bound, in consideration of good faith and common justice, to extend and increase both from time to time as they thus committed to its care by expanding and enlarging the means of navigation, and by so doing facilitating them all those facilities and all that power which were denied to individual States and which, indeed, had the revenue and the authority been left to them.

4. That this obligation has ever been recognized from the foundation of the Government, and has been fulfilled partially by appropriations for building piers for harbors, break waters and wharves, removing obstructions in rivers, and erecting other facilities for the commerce carried on from the ports and Atlantic coast. But these obligations have been fulfilled to a much less extent than its pecuniary ability and the necessities of commerce among the States; and the principle has been most emphatically announced, that no State can, by taxation of imports, lay any duty for the improvement of harbors and rivers, by appropriations for numerous light houses upon them, which appropriations have never been considered unconstitutional nor objectionable, on constitutional authority.

5. That these, by a series of acts which have increased the revenue of the people of the United States, and of course their ability to pay it, the Government, under all administrations, the common understanding of the latent duty of the Government of the Constitution, in granting to Congress the power to regulate commerce among the several States, and has been confirmed by the people, and this understanding has become a rule of action for the instrument as any one of its most explicit provisions.

6. That the power "to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the states and with the Indian tribes," is expressed in the Constitution in its whole extent to each of the subjects enumerated, equally and in the same sense; and that any attempts to make it more explicit, incomplete, while such has been the uniform practice of the Federal application of the power to foreign commerce, by sanctioning harbors and creating out navigable streets among the several States, by the general Government, furnishes peculiar facilities to "commerce among the States."

7. That "foreign commerce" is dependent upon internal trade for the distribution of its freights, and for the means of paying for them, and that therefore any improvements increases the extent, and they are consequently of that there are no objects of the Federal Government.

8. That the General Government, by extending its jurisdiction over lakes and navigable rivers subjecting them to the same laws which prevail on the ocean, and on its bays and ports, not only for purposes of revenue but to give security to life and property, by the regulation of steam boats, has precluded itself from denying that jurisdiction for purposes of internal improvement, when such service, by like and other legitimate regulations of commerce. If it has power to control and to ruin it must have the power to protect, assist and facilitate and if it denies the latter assertion in the one mode of action, it should recognize it in the other.

9. That in consequence of the peculiar dangers and the necessities of the lakes, arising from the want of harbors for shelter, and of the Western rivers from snags and other obstructions, the care of which has been and is more emphatically demanding the prompt and continued care of the Government; that the obligation to remove, and to protect the property and life expressed to them; and that any one who shall call upon Congress for those purposes of a general character, and not national, must be wanting in information of the extent of the commerce carried on upon those lakes and rivers, and of the amount of increasing population occupied or interested in that navigation.

10. That having regard to the relative population and to the interests involved, the appropriations heretofore made for the interior rivers and lakes and the streams connecting them with the seaboard, have not been in a just and fair proportion to those made for the benefit of the Atlantic coast; and that the time has arrived when this injustice should be rectified in the only mode in which it can be done by the united, determined and persevering efforts of those whose rights have been overlooked.

11. That independent of this right to protection of commerce among the States, and to appropriations for improvements under the Constitution, both of these rights have been established by numerous acts of Congress, and by the uniform practice of the Government, and of the capacity of the people to bear the burden imposed by the corresponding taxation. That it may be urged with equal force against legislation for the benefit of any class of citizens, or any particular interests. That a just appreciation of the rights and interests of the entire country, and of every quarter of the Union disclaiming selfish and local views, will lead to the adoption of such principles as will secure to the whole country the greatest amount of such a distribution of the means in the treasury, which can be applied to the purposes of improvement, as will in time meet the most urgent wants of all and prevent those collusions and conjunctions which have heretofore sectional interests.

12. That we are ostensibly favorable of preventing the difference between a harbor for shelter and a harbor of refuge, and that we are in favor of the latter appropriation in all places within the limits of our jurisdiction where the same may be necessary for the benefit of our commerce and navigation, and we will not be compelled to enter a harbor, and adopt it to construct a harbor of refuge.

13. That the interests on foreign goods and the policy leads being the common heritage of all our people, it is but fair and just that the proceeds of the imposition of any special burden on any portion of them should be equally distributed, and applied with equality within the city and the competency of the Federal Government. That we are in favor of a strict economy, one of the economy pulled out a pistol and snapped it at the head of the manager, but Providence that presides over managers as well as monarchs, ordained it so that the pistol did not go off, and the valuable life of *Don Jose* was preserved; but he did not take his subjects' part as he was sure to be tried with, he pulled a dagger from his vest, and would have let his rival know the mettle of his player, but it was one of those windy rascals who had made the assassination attempt upon the life of his manager, if the rest of the company had not come to the rescue, him they would of the will have raged Don. In the bustle here that followed the assassin escaped, and the rest of the troupe abandoned the scene in such a disgusted way that *Don Jose*, and scene in close to him while they had a breach, as their wild passions were soon appeased, and united in their contract have been protended against.

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2. That among these common interests and objects were—1st Foreign commerce, in the regulation of which the rights of the States as such were commonly inseparable and 2d Internal trade and navigation, whenever the navigation of the same States was necessary to its prosecution, it equally belong to two or more States, and whenever it receive the benefit of improvement made by the regulation; and hence resulted the constitutional grant of power to Congress—to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the States."

3. That being thus possessed both of the means and of the power which were denied to the States respectively, the General Government was bound, in consideration of good faith and common justice, to extend and increase both from time to time as they thus committed to its care by expanding and enlarging the means of navigation, and by so doing facilitating them all those facilities and all that power which were denied to individual States and which, indeed, had the revenue and the authority been left to them.

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Miscellaneous.

DESCRIPTION OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY A FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

A correspondent of the Public Ledger, gives the following account of this part of the world. It purports to be an extract from the travels of Chevalier a Chinese author, in the United States:

"The climate is very variable, in winter the change is frequent and sudden, with extreme cold and snow, later, hail, sleet, frost and thaw, with deep storm and rain and yet the people, on account of the subject, have been accustomed for those purposes of change, very light boots and shoes, the ladies especially, are much afflicted with the complaint and, in consequence, wear shoes with soles not over the thickness of paper, and the slightest moisture penetrates, unable for the people and their complaint. I am informed at the shops of the Fourth Beat Market, kept by Americans, Englishmen, Dutchmen, or Germans, and the ladies shoes at the shops of the Confederate Parts." At one moment changes from winter to summer, the complaint in the one seems to leave them, for they wear boots and shoes quite as heavy in summer as in winter. Part of the inconvenience is very warm, but contrary to the expectation, the people's heats, very generally, at that time, become cool, and their bodies with the exception of the face, for which reason they cover their heads with hats made of straw, and wear cool and warmer than a blanket, pertinently air tight to keep in the heat, and made other wise that they may remove over coated. They cover themselves at the same time, with several thicknesses of clothing, made of wool, and for rapidity, more than ounces several hundreds of silk or cotton cloth, or linen, and which, and all, as weather changes or expand up stiffly. So that it appears these people, in their manner of dress, think of their bodies in all parts, except their faces, which seem to attract all the heat, for they become very red and burnt in several much. Some instances occur among them, of persons who are lightly, at least comparatively so, but these are rare. Some years since, a light article, called a blouse, was worn, but the persecution of the ladies, in consequence of warm weather was so low, that the blouse was discarded as singular.

"The people of this country are a queer place, to have a cold heart in hot weather; that it is considered the height of folly, and the first person I met with me as without a hat, as we do in China, and carry an umbrella to keep off the heat of the sun, I found to be thought that he had partially lost the use of his understanding. It would be said, but it was correct, by which is meant that there is a law in the under which the Americans live, which punishes with fine, it is considered more of a disease than anything else, that a man will get a warm head, and will be sent to the hospital, and not to the prison. But on such occasions it is necessary to carry a hat in the hand to show the inquisitive and to avoid the fine, which, such is the impatience in this country, is exacted without delay, and not only that, but the man is dread apoplexy, but have though some of the people have a tendency to that end.

"These are great men among the Americans; they have the idea that they have also a very large number of men, but they hardly acknowledge, that some of them are not so great as those of the Emperor of China or England. In matters of public policy, they quote the opinions of distinguished Englishmen as such as those of Confucius, and the practice of England as exactly authoritative. Chatham, Burke, Pitt, Fox, Peel, and others, are considered by them as high and my equals in America. They pay the same attention to the opinions of Englishmen as to those of English women, go easily. An English immobility can, at most, get a dinner out of an American, by publishing accounts of the habits and manners of the people, with criticisms and censure. English opinion is regarded as so important, that its notices in our public journals and they would, if not stopped by The Press, at once exhibit the full extent of the feeling. In this respect, however, there has been a considerable change, and hereafter the Americans may come to them, that Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Marshall, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Buchanan, and others, may be considered as great men, and their opinions as those of men.

"The Americans have a great respect for the *sacred* books of Europe. They are of opinion that these crowned heads are the wisest beasts. It is not known whether any of the sacred books have been issued at or an astrologer consulted or a medicine taken by the crowned heads of Europe, but they have the greatest faith in them. For some thing. In my journey through Europe I became acquainted with the Americans of the same class and common, and the Americans know as much about the crowned heads of Europe as they do of the moon, and think that they were just the kind of beasts that would encourage a humbug, or counsel as an astrologer."

A GOOD TOAST.

General Evarts Boot, of New York, who was present at the dinner among other toasts gave the following at a theatre the sole companion of a mobile captain. In the course which followed the removal of the chair, the captain was handed to the chair proved, but not condescended, to be a one, and hearing its acknowledgments, went at his sentiment at once, and gave the following toast, which was received with "*May our sister sons—and—in—law!*" —but he stuck and could get no further. The company were at a loss, but the glorious expression of the company was on the point of being disappointed, when Sam. Rust whispered in his ear, and he gave the toast. The captain took the words up, and with an air of consummate triumph, repeated the sentiment.

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The Mannachusa Is Ploughman thus describes the first improved Ox Yoke used in this country a hundred years. It is in use in Scotland, and found to be of great advantage to the farmer. The bows are made to fit the neck of the ox, and the bow on the Yoke, which is made three or four inches longer than the side, making it comparable are no sight pressure on the neck, and prevents the bow from sliding. The slide is regulated by an iron bolt attached to it, and secured to the bow by a key, by which means it can easily be fitted to any yoke of cattle, from a long to a short, and to give the advantage or to throw off as may be found necessary.

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DR. KANE.—After of the best cities connected with the President's visit here, came off on board at the Mayor's room, and was "perpetrated" by Dr. Buchanan. The President inquired of the Mayor the latitude of Portland, and on being informed, he turned to Mr. Buchanan and said—"Doctor, is that not about the latitude of Dr. Kane?" "Yes," replied Mr. B. but with a smile on his broad face, added—"I hardly think we shall get so far as this time."—*Portland Advertiser.*

General News.

A SPANISH NAME ON THE GALLOWS.—A young man named Charles Coghlan was hung in Boston on Friday morning for the murder of Sawtell. The culprit made a speech to the assembled crowd. The father and brothers of the prisoner were present. He said he was innocent of the crime for which he was about to suffer death, and that his father could not get no justice in the Court. Where's the justice in getting a verdict against a man on the witness's evidence in this absurd question case. "I, I never got justice." He was reminded that he was passing his time and that he must prepare for another life and, on which he cried out at the top of his voice, "I now direct my last speech to the Queen—I love her dearly—I love her dearly—I love her, and the mercy of the blessed Saviour be with ye."

THE NEW CORNET OF TRADE.—Fourteen barrels of flour and fourteen barrels of whiskey were carried by railroad yesterday, in the order, and found a prompt sale. We hail this as a sure indication of a healthy trade. Let the people only be employed, and they will be enabled to purchase the products of the soil and mineral, and the whole country will be prosperous.—*Cincinnati Republican of the 4th instant.*

THE LATEST TELEGRAPH.—There is a gentleman in New York who says he has not had a letter that the Magnetic Telegraph Company has brought him off.

A WILD MAN.

The Halifax, Nova Scotia, Herald, of the 7th inst., contains the following singular narrative —

Considerable interest has been created within the last week or two, in the settled part of this city, by the appearance in the streets at Cape Breton, in a state of nudity. For the second time this strange individual has been in to Pore Asylum, he was at once committed to his former quarters, but there was no slaughter hopeless.

He is both deaf and dumb and his appearance is extremely haggard. He remains generally whether awake or asleep, in a sitting posture. His skin is considerably shrivelled from constant exposure to the weather, and his whole appearance resembles more an inferior animal than a human being.

When dead is efficient him, he seems to be quiet, but if he can possibly, he runs off. He is remarkably fond of salt, which he eats in large quantities. Since his first admission, he has been partially successful he having learned the use of a knife and fork, and has also evinced allowed his body to be covered with light wearing apparel.

It is said that the parents of this singular character are respectable people living in the interior of the land, and having permitted him in his juvenile days to range the woods at pleasure, he acquired the habit of living in the manner he now does, but contrary to nature, he has not lost the use of his reason, and is now fast coming to his senses. He is evidently a native of the country, and has not been in a state of nudity for many years, except their faces, which seem to attract all the heat, for they become very red and burnt in several much. Some instances occur among them, of persons who are lightly, at least comparatively so, but these are rare. Some years since, a light article, called a blouse, was worn, but the persecution of the ladies, in consequence of warm weather was so low, that the blouse was discarded as singular.

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Items of News.

NAPOLEON OF THE BY LAWRENCE.—It is stated by authority in the House of Commons, that the privilege lately extended by the proclamation of the Emperor of France to the Port of Dunkirk, in lieu affecting the navigation of the St. Lawrence, by which American vessels, small river craft are admitted to the Port of Dunkirk, on the same footing as a country, is but temporary, and would cease, as a matter of course, when the navigation laws ceased to exist.

GALVANIZED TIN IRON.—This modern article is rapidly and deservedly coming into use. Some years ago, tinned iron was considered the best material with it, and it is found to be equal to the expectations of the scientific men who have advised its use. Wherever it has been properly applied without it is enjoyed, the galvanized metal may be substituted with perfect security. It never changes color or substance and appears to be imperial.

SUBMARINE MAILS ABOLISHED.—The Postmaster General has ordered the discontinuance of the submarine mail from Boston to Charlestown, Mass. It has been done upon the application of several citizens of Charlestown, who have petitioned to have up in the Boston office on the Sabbath for some time past.

CHALK.—Recently a specimen of real chalk, obtained from a find was found in Georgia, by Dr. Forshey, a geologist, of N. Y., who states that the undiscovered material existed from New Jersey to Georgia, and that specimens may yet be obtained, in any quantity within our own territory.

IRELAND.—An Irish journal says, there are now in Ireland 1,000 more inhabited houses than there were in 1841, and more than one third of the entire population, consisting natives at the public expense, under the compulsory law of the country.

MEXICAN CURE FOR RESTORATION.—The Mexican spirit dug down the middle, and bind the halves on the affected part. The source of the disease will be drawn out by the blister.—*Telegraph, of the N. O. Picayune.*

GREAT LOSS.—The Fannie Avengers one of the Georgia volunteers companies which enlisted for one year, wanted for the fight with about one hundred men, and returned with only thirty one.

GEN. MCDERMOTT.—We regret to learn that this distinguished statesman is at this time very low with a serious affection, and fears are entertained for his recovery.

A SAFE HORSE.—There is a gentleman in Troy who says he has so had a horse that the Magnetic Telegraph Company has bought him off.

Clippings.

E7 The wire reception holder over the Ohio at Wheeling, will be the largest aperture of the kind in the world, being a span of upwards of one thousand feet, whereas that of the Fribourg is but eight hundred.

E7 The New London Morning News says—"We never saw a fairer flower plucked from the promises of its parent stock, without wishing the owner the prolongation of a sturdy life."

E7 Lucretia Mott and Mrs Child put a vote each of the late nomination of Smith and Barrett for President and Vice President by the "Liberty League."

E7 Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

E7 Hon. John Quincy Adams completed his 80th year, on Sunday, the 11th inst.

E7 It is estimated that there are now two thousand visitors at Saratoga Springs.

Religious News.

THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION.—The Baxter Trustees have concluded that the Rev. Jonathan C. Richmond of the class of 1839, has sent an amicable challenge in the manner of the old Gentlemen's code, to Professors and students at the University of Cambridge, more especially at Divinity Hall, to discuss with him, orally, the three Christian doctrines of *Regeneration, the Holy Trinity and the Atonement.* It is our opinion that no good would result from such a discussion.

EVERYBODY PRAISES JAYNES'S HAIR TONIC! And for the reason that it is the best compound that can be had. 500 tons (5 cousins sold at $6,115). Soon after it arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, it was sold at $6,115 per ton.

Selected Poetry.

TIME'S CHANGES.

I saw her once—no doubly fair,
That time a transient joke introduced;
She sparkled in Life's giddiest air,
And Pleasure joyed to view its bounding.
Her smile, it blessed my memory's gaze—
Her cheek's fair hue divinely flowering—
Her rounded mould—her eyes of jet—
Around on all their lustre flinging!
Oh! who could look on such a form,
In such a face, so softly tender,
And darkly dream that earthly storm
Should dim with grief, brilliance splendor?
Or in her mien, and in her face,
And in her young step's fairy lightness,
Naught could the sagest eye trace
But Beauty's glow, and Paramour's brightness!

I saw her twice—an altered charm—
But still of singular attraction;
Then girlhood's fullsome loss seems,
Though yet of sterling riches her kissed;
Upon her cheek she held a child,
The very image of its mother;
Which ever to her mouth's smiling,
They seemed in live but in each other:
Her mature eyes, as looking well
Her thoughtless, sinless look, had bounded,
And from her cheek the rosiest glow
Of angel's kidney morn had vanish'd;
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
As if in dreams some vision'd woe
Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her throne—Fate's dark decree
In widow's garments had arrayed her;
Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,
As e'er my reverien pastry'd her:
The glow, the glance had pass'd away,
The sunshine, and the sparkling glitter;
Still, though I mused pale decay,
The youngest was scarcely bitter;
For in their place a calmness dwelt,
Serene, subduing, soothing, holy:
In feeling which, by mere self-spell
That every tender misfit is fully—
A passionlessness—which is not grief—
A stillness—as of sunset evening—
A fairy glow on Summer's leaf—
Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and summoned she lay,
Beyond life's dim, uncertain clime,
A glorious mould of fading clay,
From whence the spark had fled forever:
I gazed—my breast was like to burst
And as I thought of years departed,
The years wherein I saw her first.
When she, a girl, was lightsome hearted
And when I mus'd on later days,
As sacred she to her matron duty,
A happy mother, in the blaze
Of Spring's hope, and Summer's beauty—
I felt the chill—I turned aside—
Blank Lucasian's cloud cannot o'er me—
And Being seem'd a troubled ride,
Whose wrecks in darkness we can better see!

Life At Sea.

THE BLACK FLAG.

FROM THE NEW YORK DISPATCH.

It was a poor return for the eminent services rendered by Commodore Porter to the commercial world, in the suppression of piracy in the West Indies seas—to be recalled by his government, tried by a court martial and found guilty—the finding approved by the President and the sentence sentimentized—a sentence which induced that high spirited officer to throw up his commission, and quit a service on which his bravery and skill had shed so much lustre.

The events which led to this result have faded from the public remembrance, and it is not worth while to recall them now. It is enough to establish the fame of Commodore Porter, to say that after three years of unremitting effort he succeeded in clearing those seas of the ruffianly freebooters who infested them.

I sailed from Matanzas on a lovely afternoon in the latter part of September, 1823, in the cutter brig Alacran, bound for New York. I had little fears of the clipping craft I commanded falling into the hands of a pirate, although I took the precaution to arm her with a six pounder and muskets, pistols and cutlasses enough to make a respectable defence. We heard, while laying in Matanzas, of the atrocities of the villains, who in fact were indirectly protected, not only by merchants residing in Havana, but by the colonial government itself.

A few steady wind pushed us along at a leisurely rate through the night, and at daylight the next morning I judged we had made some ninety miles.

While I was getting my breakfast, the second mate threw his head down the companion way, and told me that there was a suspicious looking craft in sight.

"A pirate, Mr. Nevins?" I asked.

"Well, sir, I should think not; though perhaps you may have just been aboard her. She's a merchantman, and is sailing well. Depend upon it, there's been foul work there."

I went on deck and scanned the stranger. Her foretopmast sail set, but the rest of her canvass was not to be seen, though I took notice not every spar. She was pitching heavily at the bow, and appeared to be laboring, although the sea was by no means rough.

Mr. Denny, my first mate, after a long look, gave it as his firm opinion that the bloody scoundrels had been at work on her deck, and, thinking so myself, I gave orders to run down to her.

Mr. Denny was a prudent man, and thought we had better give the vessel a wide berth.

"Why so, Mr." I asked.

"Why, sir, we are close into one of their accustomed fishing places. Depend upon it, that vessel was seen by them."

"Well, and what then?"

"The rascals may be aboard of her still. We can't see all the deck from here, and their boats may be there and out of sight. I don't understand that heretofore."

"We'll be cautious, Mr. Denny," I replied—"but heaven and that not consider will take care of us."

In two hours we were within hailing distance of the strange craft, and became satisfied that our first suspicions were correct. Not a soul was to be seen on the deck; the wheel was secured with the main, which had been cut from the spars and allowed to fall. Much of the standing rigging had also been cut, and she rested scuttled.

"Too will not board her?" Mr. Denny asked, turning to me with an earnest look.

"But I will, though," I replied, "there is no danger now."

In less than twenty minutes I sprung up her side, followed by six resolute fellows. The mainmast (the vessel was a large schooner, eastern built), evidently caused the old fashioned quarter deck. I told the men to drag it down, as the 4 vessel got in the calm gangway. The men obeyed, and dragged the rail slowly off, but oh! how rapidly for the spectacle revealed to my thinking eyes.

There lay on that deck the mangled and bloody bodies of six men—the blood still running from the ghastly wounds—still warm and smoking!

The fiends must have perpetrated their horrible work just at the break of day. It was not until we had cleared the deck of the carcass, that the full extent of the butchery was developed. Lying across the forecastle hatch were two females, one near the foremast another, that of a negro, probably the cook—asking none at all. The ill-fated crew did not die without a struggle—every one was scarred in every direction, and the confusion on the deck showed that a desperate resistance had been made.

As I said before, the vessel had been scuttled, and was settling fast. On entering the cabin, I found the water already over the floor, and floating round were several female garments—also a lady's watch, but could not find the body of a woman. The pirates had undoubtedly carried her off.

Mr. Denny, who was heading over the quarter of the Alacran, now hailed me—

"I think, sir, you had better leave her, she's pitching sharp forward, and will go down before you know it."

It was in vain that I attempted to learn the vessel's name. Her chart and log were torn, mutilated, and her quarter rail, where her name usually adily was, had been cut away by the pirates.

I took one glance the under surface, when one of the men, with an exclamation of surprise, sprung forward.

"What's the matter, my man?" I asked, following him up.

"I see, sir, the face of a child raised between those two bodies," he replied, pointing to the corpses which lay across the forecastle hatch.

In less than a minute I had dragged the bodies away, and jumped into the forecastle; the water coming up above my knees. For a moment I could not make anything out, and the men were calling to me from the deck to come up, that the vessel was sinking. I looked carefully around, and at last discovered, clinging to the locker, and standing breast high in water, a little boy. I seized him, but he clung convulsively to the locker, and I was obliged to exert my utmost strength to detach his hold. When at last I succeeded, the poor little innocent threw his arms around my neck, and took it up in my face, his eyes indicating the utmost mental fear and agony.

I hastened on deck, greatly to the relief of my men, who jumped into the boat and pushed off. The child, who appeared to be about eight years of age, did not utter a word—the awful scene he had witnessed appeared to have deprived him of all power of speech. He still clung to my neck, and pressed his blanched ivy lips to mine, in mute appeal for mercy. I soothed him as well as I could by caressing him, and at length partially succeeded.

When I reached my own vessel, I carried him into my cabin, and attempted to lay him in a berth. But he would not release his hold around my neck, and I descended on an attempt for a time. It was with great difficulty that I forced a little rice broth down his throat. He turned his face quickly to mine, and lay as still as though he were asleep, but lay his eyes were wide open, and seemed fixed and motionless.

I fell asleep and was awakened after two or three hours, by a movement of the little sufferer. He raised himself upon his elbow, and looked fixedly at me. When I was fully aroused, I discovered the change which had taken place in a few hours. The boy was worn and pale as death, and his heart and pulse beat with terrible rapidity.

We endeavored to allay the fever, but it continued to increase, and about midnight I perceived, what it suddenly passed away, leaving the sufferer entirely exhausted. In two hours after, he made a movement as though he would lie down. I took him in my arms and carried him on deck; he looked lazily around for a moment, then turned his face upward to the sky, and, for an instant, by the effort to speak. Suddenly rallying every energy, he threw his arms upward over my head, and in a voice scarcely above a whisper, yet trembling like the strain of an Æolian, ejaculated "Mother!" In another moment he was dead!

We buried him at noon. Who he was, or what were the names of the other victims of that terrible butchery; whence the doomed vessel came or whither she was bound, before the evil spirit of slaughter sprung upon her decks, I in vain endeavored to learn.

A KNOCK DOWN ARGUMENT.

A certain man went to a Dervish, and proposed three questions. First: "Why do they say that God is omnipresent? I do not see Him in any place, show me where He is." Second: "Why did man punished for crimes more whatever he does proceeds from God?" Man has no will, for he cannot do any thing contrary to the will of God and if he had power he would do every thing he has a very good. Third: How can God be omniscient in hell-fire, since he is formed of that element; and what impression can fire make on Him?"

The Dervish replied by a large clod of earth, and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the Cady and said

"I proposed to those questions to such a Dervish, who flung a clod of earth at my head which made my head ache."

The Cady having sent for the Dervish, asked

"Why did you throw a clod of earth at his head instead of answering his questions?"

The Dervish replied—

"The clod of earth was an answer to his speech. He says he has a pain in his head; let him show it to me, and I will make God manifest to him; for why does he exhibit a complaint against me? Whatever I did was the act of God, and I did not exist when I was formed; what pain can I therefore I possess? And as he is compounded of earth, how can he suffer pain from that element?"

The man was convinced, and told the Cady highly pleased with the Dervish's answer!

CURIOUS FACT—There are many twinging places that ascend their supporters only from left to right. In no instance do these pains go to the right. The logic which thousands perhaps have cultivated without noticing the fact, is never known to ascend from right to left. Let it be observed, and I call to assume a direction contrary to that ordained by nature, it will soon ache, and perhaps die outright. There are other facts which I will name indiscriminately, by way, as both ways, as art or instinct may direct.—*The Branch.*

BURNS'S POETRY.—A curious literary discovery connected with Burns has just been announced. It is stated that there is manuscript evidence to show that much of the good poetry in the Scotch bygone and paraphrases owes its existence to the recitations of the Ayrshire bard. In contrast, it true, that the people at breakfast could tell their time by hearing Burns in their devotions, without a suspicion of the fact.—*Spectator.*

Fun and Frolic.

TO MARY.

FROM THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Sweet Mary Wheat'o'it calls, though part
Here rolling oceans 'tween our sere;
And to another there we meet
Believe, I love thee yet.
Then fare well Mary Wheat'o'it Mary Ann,
And dreadful was the ink
That separated thee and me—
Sweet Mary Tomkins.

Lost love of mine! three letters now,
Inside the 'o' Mary Ann,
Each bearing strong resemblance to
Their well beloved Yago.
Alas, O Desdemona, thy sire
Had not as cruel proved,
I might perhaps have been thy love—
Thou lost, but yet beloved

Farewell, sweet Mary Wheat'o'it Mary Ann!
Remember him whose love
It is to mean apart from thee,
Thine end and donation.
Sometimes hereafter a lingering thought,
In memory or hell,
Of TRUMBULL'S, who loved you so,
Lost Mary Wheat'o'it Mary Ann!

NONSUITING A CREDITOR.

There was a certain lawyer on the Cape a long time ago, the only one in those "diggins" then, and he ought I know, at present. He was a man well to do in the world, and what was somewhat out of the usual run of lawyers, he was engaged in pressing in a limb of the law, averse to encouraging litigation.

One day a client came to him in a violent rage—"Look-a-here, Squire," said he "that 'ere blasted rascal Simmons has gone down to Boston and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him."

"Did the boots suit you?" "Oh, yes—he got 'em—that 'ere bargain." "Fair price?" "Oh, yes." "Then you owe him the money, honestly?" "In course." "Well, why don't you pay him?" "Why, I'm out of cash, and he knows it, and that's why he sued, and want to keep him out of the money if I can." "It will cost you something." "I don't keer a cent for that. How much will it cost me?" "Ten dollars with" "Oh, ten dollars will do." "Is that all?" "Well, here's a X, as you may go along," and the client departed, well satisfied with the beginning. Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker and asked him what he meant by commencing legal proceedings against his client? "Why, Squire," said he, "I only on needin' to him for money till I got toed, I knew I was able to pay, and I was promised to make it out to-day, but he's gone and sued me." "Fair price?" "Oh, yes." "Then you owe him the money, honestly?" "In course." "Well, why don't you pay him?" "Why, I'm out of cash, and he knows it, and that's why he sued, and want to keep him out of the money if I can." "It will cost you something." "I don't keer a cent for that. How much will it cost me?" "Ten dollars with" "Is that all?" "Well, here's a X, as you may go along," and the shoemaker